The MARS MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS AUTHOR OF THE PERFECT TRIBUTE, THE BETTER TREADURE, ETC. ILLUSTRATIONS SY ELLSWORTH YOUNG

SYNOPSIS.

Francois Beaupre, a peasant babe of three years, after an amusing incident in which Marshal Ney figures, is made a Chevaller of France by the Emperor Napoleon, who prophesied that the boy might one day be a marshal of France under another Bonaparte. At the age of ten Francois visits General Baron Gaspard Gourgaud, who with Alixe, his seven-year-old daughter, lives at the Chateau. A soldier of the Empire under Napoleon he fires the boy's imagination with stories of his campaigns. The boy becomes a copyist for the general and learns of the friendship between the general and Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis Zappi, who campaigned with the general under Napoleon. Marquis Zappi and his son, Pietro, arrive at the Chateau. The general agrees to care for the Marquis Zappi dies leaving Pietro as a ward of the general. Alize, Pietro and Francois meet a strange boy who proves to be Prince Louis Napoleon. Francois saves his life. The general discovers Francois loves Alixe, and extracts a promise from him that he will not interfere between the girl and Pietro. Francois ages to Italy as secretary to Pietro. Queen Hortense plans the existence of her son Louis Napoleon by disguising him and Marquis Zappi as her lackeys. Francois takes Marquis Zappi's place, who is ill, in the escape of Hortense and Louis. Dressed as Louis brother Francois lures the Austrians from the hotel allowing the prince and his mother to escape. Francois is a prisoner of the Austrians for five years, in the castle owned by Pietro in Italy. He discovers in his griends of his pilght. The general, Alixe and through him sends word to his frieads of his pilght. The general, Alixe and Pietro explaining in detail how to escape from his prison. Alixe awaits him on horseback and leads him to his friends on board the American sailing vessel, the "Lovely Lucy." Francois, as a guest of Harry Hampton, on the "Lovely Lucy." goes to America

CHAPTER XXIII .- Continued. The female mind paid no attention

"Father, is the prince really poor and alone in this country?"

"Poor-yes, I fancy-I am quite certain, in fact. Alone-that depends, a joke as he had ever made. The authorities of Norfolk received him with some distinction, the Herald states, but he is putting up at the inn large old house, built of dark red brick invited guest at many of our great denly from out of the bare trees of its

prince out here to stay with us. Give the order to Sambo, or I shall."

1? What claim have we-"

enough house room and servants to people. make him as comfortable as in a palace? But that isn't the most impor- prince," he said. tant. It is a shame to us all, father that no one has invited him before, that a strange gentleman of high station should have to lodge at an inn. Why hasn't Cousin George Harrison once, will you not, father dear?"

The touch on his cheek was pleasant to the vain and affectionate man, room importance. A broad window but the spirit of the girl's speech, the looked through bare branches, lacysuggestion of the courtesy due from black against sky, across a rolling him as a reigning prince, to this other country and groups of woodland. prince forlorn and exiled, this was pleasanter. He pursued his lips and April, 1837, Prince Louis Napoleon smiled down.

"Out of the mouth of babes," he remarked, and drew his brows together a likeness between this new world as if under stress of large machinery and the ancient country which he call-



He Considered the Invitation for a Si-

his throat and black Aaron standing tray in hand across the room, jumped and rolled his eyes-"that," he continthe country.

der, he ordered.

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY BOBBS MERRILL COMPANY of a few days at this place of Roanoke could do no harm and might lead

> "I thank you very much, Monsieur le Colonel," he said gravely, yet gra- nity of service which crowned heads clously. "You are most good to desire that I visit you. I will do so with pleasure."

Out they rode through the sunnever broke till it broke forever at flashing thought into the years he Sedan-grew buoyant. That "some- knew. thing about the outside of a horse he was gently responsive as the col- called his youth and his mother. onel talked fluently on.

a Frenchman of-of instruction-a clasping his, and the prince's transman whom I might use as a secretary? formed face beaming on him. I shall have need tomorrow to write letters. Would you know of such a prince. "But the Austrians had the man, Monsieur le Colonel?"

onel more than to be master of the sit- been? Mon Dieu, but we looked for uation. "Most certainly,' he an- you, Zappi and I!" swered blandly and felt that the prince must notice how no demand get away," smiled Francois Beaupre could find Colonel Hampton at a loss. as if imparting a joyful bit of news. "Most certainly. My daughter's "They caught me." French master would be the very fellow. He is intelligent and well edu- five years in prison, of the desperate cated, and what is more, he is a most escape, of the rescue and voyage to to the disgression. Lucy had long ardent adherent of your family, prince. America, of his wrecked health, not ago, finally if unconsciously, put her He has talked to Miss Hampton with yet re-established. Through the ac- quickly and that his throat was dry, padded with cotton batting to guard ence; turning she looked up into the father's personality into its right such a vehement enthusiasm that, by count shone the unconquerable French and that the prince knew of both trou- them." And Lucy smiled and believed angry glow of her cousin's eyes. He the Lord Harry, I believe she expects gaiety. Another thing there was bles. to see you fly in with wings, sir-I be- which a Frenchman and a Bonaparte lieve she does," and the colonel laugh- could not fail to see-that the thought Alixe?" inquired the prince, turning os- to the barriers and lifted and were ed loudly and heartily. It was as good of his service to the house of Bona-

And before them, at that moment, rose a stately picture. A one would conclude that he was an brought from England, towered sudpark like a monument of calm hos-Lucy flew like a bird across to the pitality. Its steep roof was set with fireplace. Her hands went up to eith- dormer windows; its copings and its er side of the colonel's face. "Father, casements were white stone; a white quick! Have Thunder saddled, and stone terrace stretched before it. At -quick, father-and bring the one front, as they came, was the carriage entrance, and the squares of a formal English garden, walled with Colonel Hampton's eyes widened box hedges, lay sleeping before the with surprise. "Why, but Lucy," he springtime; at the opposite side a stammered. "Why-but why should wide lawn fell to a massive brick wall." spaced with stone pillars, guarding "Oh nonsense," and Lucy shook her the grounds from the flowing of the head impatiently. "Who has more James river. Colonel Hampton gazed claim? Aren't we Virginians of the at the home of his people and then at James river princes in our own coun- his guest, and he cast the harness of try, too? Hasn't our family reigned his smallnesses and stood out in the in Roanoke longer than ever his simple and large cordiality which is reigned in Europe? Haven't we the heritage above others of southern

"Your are welcome to Roanoke,

CHAPTER XXIV.

Brothers. Colonel Hampton's study was dark asked him to Brandon? And the Car- from floor to ceiling with brown oak ters at Shirley, and the people at wainscoting and was lightened by a Berkeley-what do they mean by not dull brightness of portraits. An anasking him? But we won't let Vir- cestor in a scarlet coat, the red turnginian hospitality be stained. We will ed yellow and brown with time; an ask him. You will ride to Norfolk at ancestress in dimmed glory of blue satin and lace and pearls; a judge in his wig and gown, gave the small

On the morning of the first day of Bonaparte stood at this window, staring at brown fields and trying to trace behind them. "My little girl, you ed his; France, where, since he was a long silence when Francois had finseven years old, he had been allowed to spend but a few weeks; France. which had freshly exiled him; France, the thought of which ruled him, as he day, as always, thousands of miles

He recalled the happy life at Arenenberg, in Switzerland, and the work and play and soldierly training which all pointed, in the boy's mind, to one end-to serve France-a service which did not at that time mean sovereignty, for the Duke of Reichstadt, Napoleon's son, was alive and the head of the house of Benaparte. He his well-beloved brother's together, with the Italian insurgents against the Austrians, and the lonely man's heart longed for his own people as he went over again that time of excitement boy's death at Forli and his own ill-

ness and narrow escape from capture. "What a mother!" he cried aloud. tossing up his hands with French demonstrativeness, as the memory came have rather a sensible idea. I had to him of the days in Ancona when he overlooked before, that"-he cleared lay at death's door, hidden in the very room next that of the Austrian general, saved only at last by the marvelous mother's wit and courage. The ued, "a man of my importance has du- journey through Italy to France, that ties of hospitality, even to a foreigner was drama enough for one life. Recwho comes without introduction into ognized at every turn, betrayed never, and ending with-Prince Louis smiled "Aaron, tell Sambo to saddle Thun- his slow dim smile-a fitting ending indeed to days whose every minute was adventure. He thought of the Prince Louis, in his dingy parlor at landlord of the inn, the old cavalrythe inn, looked at his visitor from be- man; the young Frenchman-Beaupre tween half-shut eyelids, and measured -that was the name; It was set in his him, soul and body. He considered memory; had been in that tenacious the invitation for a silent moment, memory since an afternoon of 1824, men This was one of the great men of the when a runaway schoolboy prince had The brotherly touch on Francois' was seven years now and more since flutter at the distinction shown her. country. The prince had already slipped over the Jura, and played with shoulder was withdrawn, and with gen- he had left them all at a day's notice but she was a province-bred little historic home. It was well to have castle; he saw Francis Beaupre take lifted him to his feet, and Francois death of five years, to many undream- knew not the "egg-dance conventions" | 125 with gold clocks are beautiful." influential triends, more particularly reverently in his hand the sword which stood happy, dazed, before him. He ed of happenings. The fever was on of Court society. Accordingly, desir-

chase. He had seen it all, watching lord implored him to hide himself. of these things." be alive-if ever he should meet him (It was psychological that he should have been thinking this when a knock dences happen in lives as well as on the stage; in Louis Napoleon's there of their drill twice a week. was more than one. "Entrez!" he

called sharply, and then, "Come in!" The door swung slowly and Aaron, white-aproned and white-eyeballed, stood in it.

"Marse Prince," he stated with a dig-

bring you dis hyer Marse Bopray." A light figure stepped before the April on the threshold. The air was Prince Louis, and for a moment he sharp, and nipped at the prince's fin- stared, puzzled. Was he in the presgers and toes, but it was exhilaration ent? Surely this man was part of the to be across a horse again, and the past which he had been reviewing. exile's spirit—the case-hardened heart Surely he had played a role in the of steel which failure and misfortune prince's history-where? With a pleasure is my own pleasure."

"Mon ami!" cried Louis Bonaparte, which is good for the inside of a man" and sprang forward and stretched out sieur?" worked its subtle charm on this fin- both hands, his royalty forgotten in ished horseman and horse lover, and the delight of seeing a face which re-

Francois, two minutes later, found "Does it so happen, Monsieur le himself standing, bursting with loyal-Colonel, that there is in these parts ty and pride, with the prince's hands

"You rode like the devil," said the horses. That poor Bleu-bleu! How Nothing pleased Monsieur le Col- did you get away? Where have you

"But no, your highness, I did not

And he told briefly his story of the



"Mon Aml," Cried Louis Bonaparte parte had been a sustaining pride, and the hope of future service an in-

Superstition and gratitude laid hold together on the prince's troubled mind. He threw himself back into Colonel Hampton's leather arm-chair, throne-like in impressiveness and size; carried the thought of her in his heart. the mask of impassivity closed on his A man fights better so."

colorless featues. "Sit there, Monsieur," he ordered.

'and tell me your life.' Simply, yet dramatically as was his gift, the young man went over the tale which he had told to Lucy Hampton, that and more. And the prince listened to every word. He, too, had the French sensitiveness to theatrical effect, and his over-wrought imagination seemed to see the hand of destiny visibly joining this story to his. Here was a legacy from Napoleon; an instrument created by his uncle, which he, the heir, should use. There was ished, and Louis' deep-pitched voice broke it.

"'One day perhaps a marshal of France under another Bonaparte," he meant one day to rule her; France, for repeated thoughtfully. "It was the whom he was eating his heart out to- accolade, the old right of royality," and gazed, if reflecting, at the other man's face.

Heightened color told how much it meant to Francois Beaupre to hear those words spoken by the prince.

"My prince, I will tell you-though it may be of little moment to knowthat it is not for my own advancement that I care. It is the truth that his gratitude for the goodness of her I would throw away a hundred lives thought of his short career, his and aparte rule France. It is only so, I intimacy of Harry Hampton seemed to once more. We need heroes to lead so often to Carnifax, and when he kings such as Louis Phillippe; if it has days sometimes, as was his way at tion-it pricks the blood; a monarch our country will wake, will live. You, and, sure of his own innocence, waitmy prince, are the hope of the house ed for the time. of Napoleon."

With a quick step forward he threw himself on his knees before the quiet figure in the throne-like chair; he seized the prince's hand and, head bent, the out-of-door life in the mild Vir- seemed opportune. kissed it with passion. There was a line of color in each cheek as his face haps for two years more, before he the story: lifted, and his brilliant look was shot with a tear.

larly as if the two were equals, kins- its boyish note of courage. It would in New England.

leap to the horse; the skirmish to get | "I have studied enormously, my official backbone and author. In the field—one second—two seconds—the free, and, at last, the rush of the prince. All known books on warlike great grassy paddock at Bayly's Folly lines shot to the angle-then it came subjects, all I could borrow or steal I | the proud mother of eighteen-year-old | -the shock they awaited. quietly while his mother and the land- have studied. Ah, yes! I know much Caperton Bayly-first lieutenant, and Black Hawk, rushing, saw the other

That young Frenchman-if he should | Louis Bonaparte, with an exhaustive ginia country-had invited the gentry | ment-too late. The animals collided. military education, a power of appli- from miles about to feast with her and not with full force, yet for a moment again Prince Louis would not forget cation and absorption beyond most to watch her son and his friends show it looked like nothing but death for men in Europe, let the gleam of a how the Chevalier Beaupre had made riders and mounts. Harry Hampton smile escape. He listened with close them into soldiers. They came in was thrown backward to the level sounded deferentially on the door of attention while Francois told of his shoals, driving from far off over bad field; Black Hawk galloped off, frantic the room. But picturesque coinci- organization of the youth of the neigh- roads in big lurching chariots, or rid- and unhurt, across it; Aquarelle, one borhood into a cavairy company, and ing in gay companies, mostly of older saw, lay on the very edge of the drop

Francois smiled a crafty, worldly-

wise. "No, my prince," he answered, placed in a manner of ring. shaking his head sagely. "That would could not daunt, "ole Marse sen' me not be best. I am little known, a foreigner. They think much of their old families, the people of these parts. black and white of Aaron, and halted, So that it is better for the success lighted, wind-whipped country, dozing and bowed profoundly. The light from of the company that the captain should restfully through its last winter's nap. the window shone on his face and the be of the nobility of the country. One stirring already at the step of lively dark immense eyes that lifted toward sees that. So the captain of the company is Monsieur Henry Hampton, the younger, the kinsman of Monsieur le Colonel, and a young man of great goodness, and the best of friends to me. Everything that I can do for his

> The prince turned his expressionless gaze on the animated face. "Mademoiselle Lucy likes the young mon-

"But yes, my prince-she likes ev-

ery one, Mademoiselle Lucy. It is sunshine, her kindness; it falls everywhere and blesses where it falls. She loves Henry-as a brother." "As a brother!" the prince repeated

consideringly. "Yes, a brother. You find Mademoiselle Lucy of-of a kind disposition."

"Beyond words, and most charming," Francois answered steadily, and flushed a little. He felt himself being probed. With that the facile, myste- bird and watching as the negroes rious, keen mind of the prince leaped, placed the bars. "If a horse refused it seemed, a world-wide chasm. "That most winning little girl of the ruined might go over. And the bank is chateau of Vicques-our playmate steep." Alixe-you remember how she stated. 'I am Alixe,' and was at once shipwrecked with embarrassment?"

and was conscious that he breathed dressing gowns, and to have a wall shock she was aware of another pres-

"Is she still 'Alixe'—the same tentatiously to the window. "Has she over, with or without rapping, but not glared at him. grown up as sweet and fresh and bril- one, for the first round, refusing. liant a flower as the rosebud prom- Then the bars were raised six inches;

beat, attempted to answer in a par- Bayly went at it first; his mother ticularly casual manner, which is a dif- watched breathless as he flew forficult and sophisticated trick. He fail- ward, sitting erect, intense, his young ed at it. "They say-I think-she eyes gleaming. Over went his great has-oh, but yes, and-I think"-he horse Traveler, and over the next and him!" stammered and the prince cut short the next-all of them; but the white his sufferings. "Ah, yes! I see that heels had struck the top bar twice- things reeling about him unsteadily, to use them in connection with sawit is with you, as with Monsieur Hen- the beautiful, spirited performance ry, a case of devoted brotherhood. You was not perfect. Harry Hampton love her as a brother-you will not came next; all of the kindly multitude hoast of her.

Beaupre. You have done so well that others might win this honor he wantwhen the time is ripe again-it will ed. The first bars without rapping; not be long-for Strasburg must be the second; and a suppressed sound of wiped out in success-that I shall send satisfaction, which might soon be a for you to help me, and I shall know great roar of pleasure, hummed over that you will be ready. I see that the field. Black Hawk came rushing, the star which leads us both is the snorting, pulling up to the third jump, only light which shines for you. It the jump where Lucy stood. And as holds your undivided soul. Chevalier he came a little girl, high in a car--I am right?" Francois turned his swiftly chang-

ing face toward the speaker, drawn and lost hold of it, and it flew like a with a feeling which swept over him; huge red bird into the course, close for a moment he did not answer. Then he spoke in a low tone. "When a knight of the old time

went to battle," he said, "he wore on his helmet the badge of his lady and

And the silent prince understood.

CHAPTER XXV.

How Lucy Told. The prince was gone. There had been festivities and formalities, great dinners, gatherings of the Virginia nobility to do honor to his highness at Roanoke house and elsewhere; everywhere the Chevalier Beaupre had been distinguished by his highness' most marked favor. And Lucy Hampton's eyes had shone with quiet delight to see it and to see the effect on her father. For the colonel, confused in his mind as to how it might be true, reluctantly acknowledged that there must be something of importance about this Chevalier Beaupre, that a prince should treat him as a brother. He believed that it would be best to treat him-he also-at least as a gentleman. So the French lessons were continued and the Jefferson troop was encouraged, and Francois was asked often to Roanoke house. And as the months rolled on he tried with every thoughtful and considerate effort to express to the little lady of the manor family. It troubled him more than a if I had them, to see the house of Bon- little that the early friendliness and DUCHESS MUST HAVE SMILED | was a customer of hers, and who had believe, that France can become great be wearing off. The boy did not come Little Milliner Faithfully Obeyed Inus, we Frenchmen, not shopkeeper came he did not stay for hours, for not a hero the nation loses courage, first. He was uneasy with his friend, and sorrow, ending with the older and its interest in national life. But and his friend wondered and did not the very name of Napoleon is inspira- understand, but hesitated to push a way into the lad's heart. "He will fact that his uncle kept a book store of that name on France's throne, and tell me in time," thought Francois,

Meantime he was going home. Goginla climate should be continued perwent back to the agitation and effort

the most finished horseman in the Vir- coming and swerved at the last momen and girls and young boys, be and was scrambling to her feet with "And you are the captain, Mon- cause all of the gilded youth were in liveliness enough to assure her safethe ranks that day.

wise smile-or perhaps it was as if a be rough riding and jumping. Hur crowd was in an uproar, and a hunchild would seem crafty and worldly- dles were swiftly dragged out and dred men were jostling one another



She Found Herself Holding François Dark Head in Her Arms.

said Lucy Hampton, standing by Blueand turned sharp and was foolish, he

"Lucy, you are a grandmotherly person," Clifford Stewart-who was another girl-threw at her. "You would "I remember," Francois said shortly, like them all to ride in wadded wool and was on her feet, and then with a herself overcautious.

six inches in mid-air is a large space Francois, hearing his own heart when one must jump it. Caperton gazed eagerly, hoping that the boy to "You have done well, Chevalier whom life had given less than the riage, a chariot as one said then, flourished her scarlet parasol in the air, to the hurdle. And Black Hawk, strung to the highest point of his thoroughbred nerves, saw, and a horror of the flaming living thing, as it of Burns' poems and better known as other three walls, the floor, and the seemed, caught him, and he swerved the Glenriddell manuscripts, and that foundation are cement. The gables at the bar and bolted-bolted straight for the steep slope.

> A gasp went up from the three hundred, four hundred people; the boy was dashing to death; no one stirred; ster Gazette. every muscle was rigid-the spectators were paralyzed. Not all. Francois from his babyhood had known were his pride and his care; he had began, mounted on his mare Aquarelle,

ty; of Francois there was no sign. In When the drill was over there was to half a minute the breathless still to reach the scene of the accident. It was two minutes, perhaps, before Caperton Bayly, with a negro boy at his heels, with Jack Littleton and Harry Wise and a dozen other lads racing back of him, had plunged over the drop of land where Francois had disappeared. Two minutes are enough | ucts of any live stock industry is the sometimes for a large event. In that | manure. Its proper care and use is two minutes Lucy Hampton, without one of the distinguishing features of a conscious volition, by an instinct as successful stock farm. The high nisimple and imperative as a bird's in- trogen content of poultry droppings stinct to shield her young, had slipped make them in certain respects the from her horse Bluebird and flown most valuable of farm manures. across the level and down over the steep bank till she found herself hold- trogen than any other farm manure, ing Francois' dark head in her arms | because in birds the excretion of the and heard her own voice saying words | kidneys is voided in solid form (uric she had never said even to herself.

and if all the world heard she did not is easily available to plants. Unforknow or care. There was no world tunately, however, it is not stable. for her at that minute but the man Putrifactive processes easily change lying with his head against her heart it to ammonia compounds, and unless dearest. "I love you-love you-love one-third to one-half of the nitrogen you," she repeated, as if the soul were passes off as ammonia gas. rushing out of her in the words.

With that the luminous great eyes opened, and Francois was looking at when fresh and lumpy when dry, her, and she knew that he had heard. Used alone it is a one-sided nitrogen-And then the training of a lifetime, of centuries, flooded back into her, and womanly reticence and maidenly shame and the feelings and attitude which are not primeval, as she had been primeval for that one mad moment. She drew back as she felt him trying to lift himself, and left him free was not looking at her, but at the man The excited horses came dancing up who, dazed, hurt, was trying painfully to pull himself up. Harry Hampton

"We will settle this later," he ous fertilizer. As usually managed, saved your life!"

"Damn him!" said Harry Hampton.

And Francois, clutching at a bush, vent the loss of nitrogen, it is possible

oked up, friendly, wistful, at the boy With that there was an influx of population; the whole world, apparently, tumbled down the steep bank, every one far too preoccupied with help for the hero to remark Harry

Hampton's grim humor. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bobbie Burns' Granddaughter. fries sheriff court by Miss Annie Beck- is advisable. The Maine station poulett Burns of Cheltenham, the only sur- try manure shed is so excellent viving granddaughter of the Scottish building that it will be described here. poet, claiming "to have herself, as the estate of the said Robert Burns." This to the peak of the roof. The dropis a sequel to the recent announcement that the Liverpool Athenaeum doors in the roof, and taken out from had sold for £5,000 the two volumes one end, which is removable. The they were likely to go to America, an are board, and the gable at the plank announcement which brought strong protests from Lord Roseberry, Dr. William Wallace and others.-Westmin-

Old American Coins. Robert Morris, the financier of the how to think quickly, and these boys Confederation, early in 1783, arranged with Benjamin Dudley to strike off thought of that possible danger which some "pattern pieces" that could be Lucy had forseen; when the jumping placed before congress. On April 2 Dudley delivered to Morris some he was posted near the head of the pieces, which were in reality the first slope, not twenty yards from the hur- coin struck having the name "United dle, to be at hand in any contingency. States coin." The particular speci-When Harry's horse bolted, one touch mens are known to numismatists as put Aquarelle into motion. Like a the "Nova Constellatio Paterus." line of brown light she dashed at right | They were of silver and denominated angles to the runaway-a line drawn the "mark" and "quint." The first to intercept the line of Black Hawk's coins struck by the United States flight. There was silence over the mint were some half dimes, in 1792.



structions That She Thought Had Been Given Her.

Mr. Lane of Washington was not only a page in the senate in the days of Webster and Clay, but, through the where these statesmen were accustomed to while away their leisure hours, came to know them intimately on their social side, declared that said: ing, much against the advice of the Webster, while not given to story-tell-Norfolk doctor, who warned him that ing, had one favorite little joke that he was not yet well or strong, that he would tell whenever the occasion This, according to Mr. Lane, was

There arrived at Boston a certain "If I may die believing that I have he could not wait; he must see his old of Europe. Desiring to have some helped to win your throne, I shall die home, his mother, his father, and all headgear suitable for her inland the unforgotten faces. He longed to travels constructed, she sent for the Prince Louis had his mother's warm watch the black lashes curl upward most prominent milliner in the city heart, and this went to it. He put his from the blue of Allxe's eyes. He to come to her apartments at the hand on the other's shoulder, famil- longed to hear her clear voice with Revere house, then the principal hotel gown," he said, "stood under a blazing

put new life into him, that voice. It | The local milliner was sent all ahoped from his uncle, Joseph Bonaparte, with the American introductions for which he had asked. A visit startled mob of Austriana; the flying way.

Sign.

Abundle on the found himself telling his plans, his ing to know in what manner she ing to

spent some time at foreign courts.

duchess and say, 'Your Grace.' " Thus coached in court etiquette the little milliner betook herself to the Revere house and sent word to the

As she was ushered into the presence of that lofty person, she bent the morning until the dew is off and low, and, with a sweeping courtesy, "May the Lord make us thankful for

what we are about to receive!"

The Slash.

Paul Poiret, the famous French dressmaker, was asked by a New York reporter if he thought woman's presof a Bonapartist agent in France. But duches from one of the great nations ent mode of dress made for morality. "I do not deal in morality." M. Poiret replied. "I deal in beauty." Then, apropos of the slashed skirt he told a story.

> "A young lady in a white dinner lectroller, and, swinging round before her flance, she asked:

"How does my new dress show up?" "'Up almost to the knee, the young These will begin as a rule to lay oan replied. Those white silk stock-



SAVE POULTRY BY-PRODUCTS

High Nitrogen Content of Droppings Make Them One of Most Valuable of Farm Manures.

(By R. PEARL.)

One of the most valuable by-prod-

Poultry manure contains more niacid) with the undigested portions "I love you, I love you," she said, of the food. This form of nitrogen dead it might be, but dead or alive, special care is taken of the droppings

The mechanical condition of poultry manure is poor. It is apt to be sticky



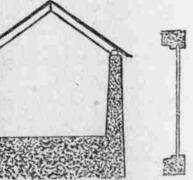
Manure Shed at Maine Station-Note the Walk, Trap-Doors in Roof, Plank End and Removable Gable.

brought out through his teeth. "I hope one-half or more of its nitrogen is I can kill you." And Lucy cried out: lost, so that as ordinarily used it does "Shame!" she cried. "He has just not carry so great an excess of nitrogen. Because of its excess of nitrogen it will be much more economically "I do not want my life at his hands. used in connection with manures car-I hate him more for saving me. Damn rying phosphoric acid and potash. As both acid phosphate and kainit predust, good dry loam or peat so as to

make a well-balanced fertilizer. The droppings should be well sheltered until time to apply them to the land, that is, shortly before plowing. Any form of shelter may be used. For a temporary plant, or for a small farm, a small wooden building or a bin in a larger building will suffice; but for a large, permanent poultry An action has been entered in Dum- plant a cement manure shed or tank

The inside measurements of this nearest of kin, declared executrix of shed are 12 by 7 feet. It is 5 feet certain hitherto unconfirmed personal high at the eaves and 8 feet 2 inches pings are thrown in through trap (removable) end of the shed is also removable to give more room when shoveling the manure into carts. It is held in place by hooks.

The plates and rafters are of 2 by 4 inch timbers. Inch boards are used for roof boards, gables, etc. The roof is covered with roofing paper. The



-Cross Section of Manure Shed, Showing Plan of Construction. B-Horizontal Section of Front, Showing Planks in Grooves in the Cement Walls.

two trap doors are also covered with this roofing. These doors are 2 feet inches by 2 feet 10 inches, and fit over a frame in the roof, to which they are hinged at the top. A wide raised walk, gradually inclined so the "Oh, all that's necessary," explained | end of it is only 1 foot 8 inches from Mrs. Adams, "is to bow low when you the eaves, is very convenient from are ushered into the presence of the which to reach the doors with the baskets of droppings.

> Feed Fowls On Range. Do not think that because the fowls have range, that they do not require feeding, but keep them shut up in give them a good hearty breakfast before letting them out; also plenty to drink, that they will not help themselves from all the pool holes in the barn yard.

Market for the Cockerels. The young cockerels should be nearly grown, and it is nearing early marketing time. It is for the interest of all poultry raisers to get the best prices, and poultry never brings as good a price in late fall as in September.

Hens for Next Year. For the older hens that you want to keep over for next year, give close attention to those that molt earliest.

Aid to Digestion. Pans of wheat bran and charcoal kept before growing chicks help keep their digestive systems in good trim.